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THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.  
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,  
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



"COME, COME, BROWN. DO GO HOME, OLD MAN; IT'S TWO O'CLOCK. WHAT WILL MRS. B. SAY?"  
"BEST EASY, MY BOY. MRS. B. WAS JUST AS MAD THREE HOURS AGO AS SHE'S GOING TO BE ALL NIGHT."



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Wm. WILLIAMS & SONS  
ABERDEEN Established 1840



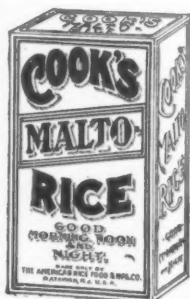
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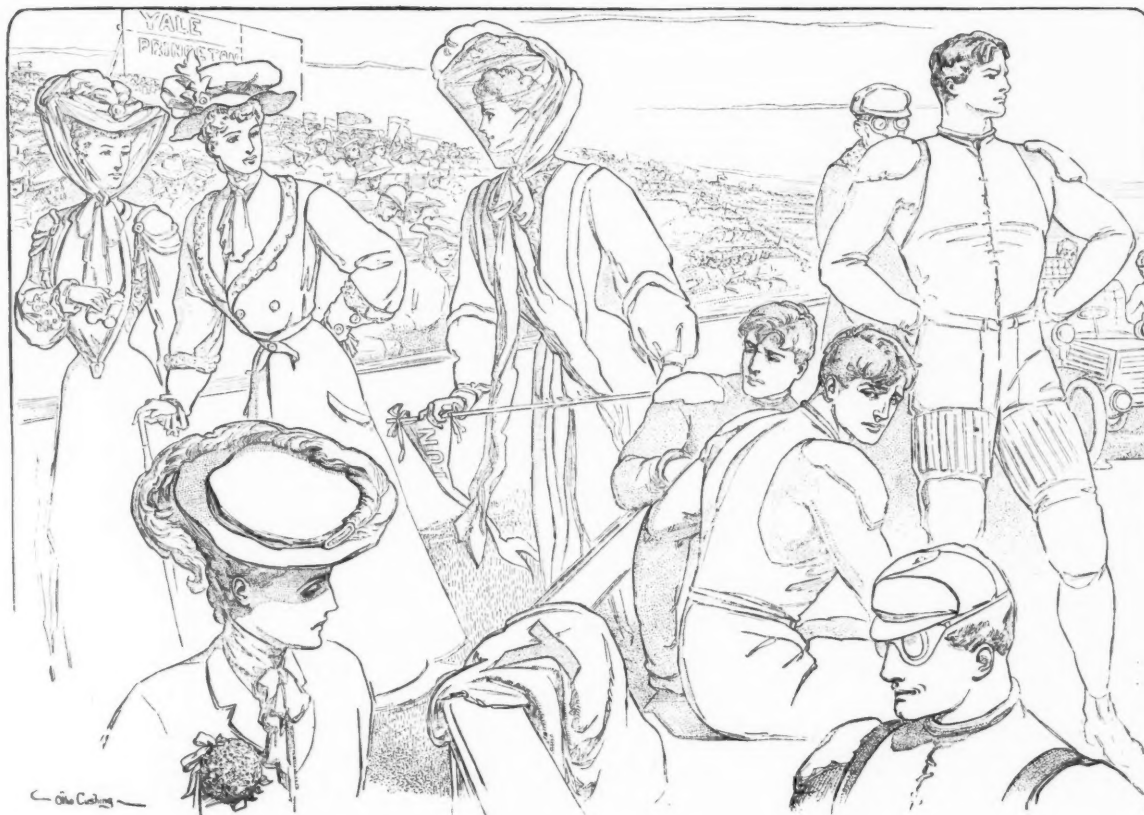
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# LIFE



*The Girl:* WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE PRESENCE OF THAT AUTOMOBILE ON THE FIELD?  
 "OH, THAT'S MINE. I'M THE—CENTRE RUSH."

## Contentment.

**I** ENVY not the famous men  
 Of any time or land;  
 Horatius may have held the bridge,  
 I've held Myrtilla's hand.  
 Though Shakespeare may have  
 written plays  
 And sonnets, not a few;  
 Yet to Myrtilla I have penned  
 A joyous billet-doux.  
 Drake may have circled round the globe,  
 And though that pleased his taste,  
 Suffice for me to have my arm  
 Around Myrtilla's waist.  
 Though Sherman may have made a march  
 From Georgia to the sea,  
 A wedding march right up the aisle  
 Is good enough for me.

*McLandburgh Wilson.*

## Pathology.

**T**HE child was extremely ill. Any-  
 body could see that.

"What has she been eating?" asked  
 doctor.

"She is just home from a little chil-  
 dren's party, where the refreshments  
 were chicken sandwiches, fruit cake,  
 candied cherries, nuts, coffee, chocolate  
 creams and lobster salad," said mamma.

Doctor looked perplexed.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Mamma thought a moment.

"Oh, yes! fruit ices," she said.

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor at  
 once. "Doubtless the water with  
 which the ices were made was not  
 thoroughly sterilized."

He shook his head.

## Estimated!

**P**APA, what's the difference be-  
 tween the Upper Ten and the  
 Four Hundred?"

"Oh, about sixty-eight millions."

**A** COMMUTER'S suggestion for  
 suburban trolley lines:

"Why not heat the corners instead  
 of the trolleys?"

**T**WO men were standing together  
 upon the sidewalk as Dowie  
 passed on the way to his hotel.

"Dowie calls himself Elijah," said  
 one. "Well, the ravens don't feed  
 him."

"No," replied his companion. "The  
 lobsters do that."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

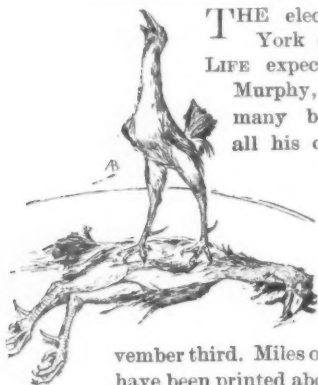
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE election in New York did not go as LIFE expected. Charles Murphy, the new Tammany boss, thrashed all his opponents, including McLaughlin, and is a much bigger man than he was on the morning of November third. Miles of explanations have been printed about it all. We will not repeat them. The election was not bought. You can't buy sixty thousand votes. Perhaps Mr. Grout should have been discredited because he took Murphy's nomination, but certainly he wasn't. The voters got what they preferred, if not what they wanted; there is no doubt about that.

Let us not repine unduly about what has happened. The Fusion campaign was as well managed as the Fusion leaders could manage it, and, all things considered, it is not apparent that they made avoidable mistakes. A Fusion team is hard to drive at best. We know now that Dr. Low could not be reelected this year, but we do not know that any other Fusion candidate could have done any better. There is no reason to believe that an independent Democrat would have had the support of Mr. Platt, and there are many reasons to believe that he wouldn't. The Citizens' Union was beaten, but it was by no means annihilated, and it will live to fight another day, though whether it will try Fusion again is not so clear.



THE outlook for the next two years is not so desperately black. Mr. McClellan is a decent man with a reputation for decency to sustain, and a reputation for vigor and ability to acquire. He has a hungry army behind him, which has been used to loot, and will want to loot again. We don't think he will be able to restrain it. But he will probably do his best, and Mr. Jerome will help him by striving vigorously to have the laws enforced. Mr. Grout will probably run the Comptroller's office just as honestly and ably in the two years to come as in the two years now ending. Moreover, the coming two years are not going to be "boom" years. The chances for pillage will not be quite so good as they were in the closing years of Croker. McClellan will want to make a name for himself, and he has a great opportunity. Even Murphy, who is now considered able, may want to better both his own reputation and Tammany's. And two years is a short time,—too short, it may be, for the old system of tribute to get well under way. There is more danger that Tammany will be too good than too bold in its reprisals. But, anyway, the fight for good government will go on in New York. It is becoming a habit, just as pillage is a habit with Tammany. A new standard of administration has been established. McClellan must measure up, not to Van Wyck, but to Low. That is a great gain. The difficult problem of combining with the Republican machine without being absorbed by it has not yet been solved, but in spite of present appearances, it remains true that there are more people in New York who want good government than who want bad, and, somehow, part of the time, at least they are going to get it.

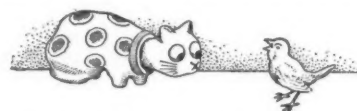


INTERESTING deductions are made as to the bearing of the late elections on Presidential aspirations. Senator Gorman, by assailing the President for having dined with Booker Washington, injected the race issue in the

Maryland campaign, and won handsomely. A deduction is that Gorman may run for President on the race issue. The truth is that his dalliance with the race issue has disposed of any chance that may have existed that he would be the Democratic candidate.

In New York State it is understood that David B. Hill went down with his friend, the venerable McLaughlin in Brooklyn. Whereas Murphy's victory is interpreted to be favorable to the selection of Mr. Cleveland as a man who could carry New York.

In the great Republican sweep in Ohio is read the rejection of Bryan and all his works, because his ally, Tom Johnson, was the leading Democratic figure in the Ohio campaign. The result, being a great victory for Senator Hanna, would undoubtedly make that statesman Mr. Roosevelt's chief Presidential rival if Mr. Hanna would have it so. But, it seems, he won't.



THE Colombia statesmen overreached themselves in rejecting the offer of the United States for the right to buy and complete the Panama Canal. It was a liberal offer, but the Bogota legislators thought they could do better. Now, as was expected, Panama has seceded from Colombia and proposes to sell the canal rights on her own account. We have no sympathy at all for the Colombians. Whenever Panama feels steady enough on her legs to give a good title, Uncle Sam will doubtless buy it. But it is highly important that our Government should set a careful example of decorous neutrality while Panama and Colombia are settling their dispute. We thought Mr. Hay would see to that, but the disposition of the Administration seems to be to strike while the iron is hot. We don't need the canal so badly as to warrant us in snatching at a site for it. We are bound to keep order on the neutral strip where the railroad crosses the isthmus, and that is all. But that will probably be enough. If Colombia can't land troops on the isthmus and fight Panama there, it is hard to see how she can get at her at all.





SPORTS OF THE ANCIENTS.  
A COMING REVIVAL AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

### "Very Sober Truth."

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON, of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, is a distinguished journalist who means what he says and is never bashful in saying what he means. Reprinting an editorial from *LIFE* under the above heading, he prefaces it with the following expressions of opinion:

Of all the professedly humorous publications of this country—and there have been many of them—*LIFE* easily leads the procession. It is racy of the soil, even as *Punch* in London is racy of English soil; a reflection of the moods and tenses of the time, of the thoughts and fancies of the people, brilliantly illustrated and admirably written. But it is not alone a *farceur*, or even what in the old stage parlance used to be called a High Comedian. It has a serious side; all the better because it is independent; equally unpurchasable and clean, and generally able to hit the bull's-eye with a single shot out of a rifle.

Notwithstanding these statements, *LIFE* sees no reason to change its previous good opinion of Colonel Watterson's veracity and discernment.

### Our Fall and Winter Styles in Books.

*Confessions of a Cook*: A young girl, who has served out for two weeks, has put down all her psychological impressions on papers left by the butcher. The whole has been photographed and reproduced in exquisite colors. Some chapters are: "Bringing Up Coal," "What the Chore Boy Said," "Cerebral Longings of an Alarm Clock," "Thoughts on Cold Garbage," etc.

*The Complicated Life*: A series of essays showing what we need to be more successful than we are. Quickness reduced to a science, with a number of illustrations of devices to insure rapidity. This book will undoubtedly

be endorsed by President Roosevelt and Dr. Parkhurst; John Dowie and Anthony Comstock are expected to read it.

*Bringing Up a Child*: By Billy Be Damm, author of *Education Down to Date*. This charming child study is intended to accompany the guide to parents, used in all homes. It is only eight hundred pages long and can be read in six months. It shows plainly that all present methods of education are wrong and has a new theory to advocate. The author has spent nearly a week in observing children and is fully qualified.

*The New Gospel*: With manual of arms, by a retired clergyman, showing, not only how one hundred per cent. dividends can be declared by any church, but also how science and theology can be reconciled—something never thought of before.

### Arbitration Treaty.

ARTICLE I. Differences which are of no possible consequences, which nobody cares about one way or the other, and which cannot be made to serve any purpose whatever by remaining unaccommodated, shall be submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

ARTICLE II. Either of the high contracting parties is perfectly free to violate any provision of this treaty at any time.

### Comfort!

SUPERINTENDENT (of Metropolitan Street Railway): Shall we put on the full complement of open cars to-day?

PRESIDENT: I think so. It looks like snow.

## THE LATEST BOOKS

*Hawthorne and His Circle* is the title of a volume by Julian Hawthorne, in which he gives us the recollections of his childhood. The book has the subtle charm of a genuine enthusiasm coupled with a complete and refreshing absence of egotism and pose. Such memories, indeed, viewed through the iridescent atmosphere of fifty years, naturally express themselves in superlatives, but we read them with the frank enjoyment and the silent reservations we accord to the fireside reminiscences of a friend. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.25.)

It is said that historical romances were once hand-made, but that was long ago. Nevertheless, Mr. Harris Dickson provides an excellent entertainment for inveterate readers of these tales in his story of Peter the Great, Alexis, his son, and the charming Charlotte of Brunswick, which he calls *She That Hesitates*. The volume, moreover, is full of surprises; as, for instance, in not chronicling a single duel, and in the frequent introduction of actual bits of human nature. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

The appearance of a new essayist of promise is distinctly a matter of congratulation. That manner of essay which is the crystallized essence of good soliloquy is far too rare and too little read. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers's volume, *The Gentle Reader*, contains a dozen such essays. They are a tasty compound of humor, good humor, and a whimsical good sense often deeper than it seems. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

John R. Spears's life of *Anthony Wayne* belongs to that genus of biographical writing, the arch-type of which is the encyclopedic article. It and its class contain only unleavened information, which is but the raw material of true biography, the constant offering of which as the finished article has earned a bad name for a department of reading unsurpassed in attraction and value. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.00.)

Frederick Courtland Pennfield's *Present Day Egypt* is also a volume of information. It is not, however, the embalmed and mummified article of the guide books, nor a mere *rechauffé* of government statistics. It is information seasoned by the comments and conclusions of a keen observer whose long official residence in Egypt has given him exceptional opportunities. (The Century Company. \$2.50.)

*Miss Sylcester's Marriage*, by Cecil Charles, is a tale of New York, showing what trouble a little Spanish-American blood can stir up in Anglo-Saxon circles. It is one of the useful novels which one reads with absorption, and in a month's time declares one never heard of. (The Smart Set Publishing Company. \$1.00.)

The Japanese stories of Miss Onoto Watanna and the artistic efforts of her publishers have gained many friends. To these the author's latest story, *The Heart of Hyacinth*, will be doubly welcome, since it is easily the prettiest of her tales, and the publishers have outdone themselves in the book's dainty and Japanesque make-up. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.) J. B. Kerfoot.



A HEALTHY INVALID.

THE youth loves woman; the man, a woman; the greybeard, women.



"GRACIOUS! HERE COMES AN AUTO-MOBILE!"



BUT IT WAS ONLY THE HOCKSTEIN BROTHERS AND THEIR DIAMONDS.

### Heart to Heart Talks.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have consented to take a few moments from a busy life, because if there is anything I can say to make you drop everything else and save your money, I feel that I ought to say it. It's very distressing to me to see growing up all around me, children who are being taught other things than to save their pennies.

Everybody knows that I am closer than the next minute, and haven't taken a vacation for twenty years, because I couldn't afford it, although I am worth over one hundred millions.

But, dear children, this is business. And business is what we are here for.

Do you know what it means to go out in the fields and gather fresh flowers, to learn how to paint, and write stories, and cultivate the useless parts of your brain? And have you ever stopped to consider how little money there is in all this?

I hope you will, before it is too late. To me, there is nothing sadder in life than a non-interest bearing brain.

I am glad to see your faces brighten up as I say this, because it shows that your enthusiasm is awakened. Let me tell you then, how Uncle Russell made such a grand success of his life.

I began, dear children, with impulses like you. I was human once. I wanted to waste my time doing things that didn't pay. But I said to myself, No!

Learn to say No, dear boys, and you may yet be the meanest man in the world.

I said No, and stifled all the unprofitable impulses. It will take time to learn that there is no money in flowers, or trees, or idle dreams, but if you keep at it you will succeed.

And now, to show you that I am in earnest, I am going to do an unusual thing. Let me see. How many little boys and girls are there here? Just twenty.

Well, dear little ones, here is a real penny. Divide it among you, and when you think that Uncle Russell gave it to you, remember that all of us are fearfully and wonderfully made.

And now run away quick, or I may regret what I have done.

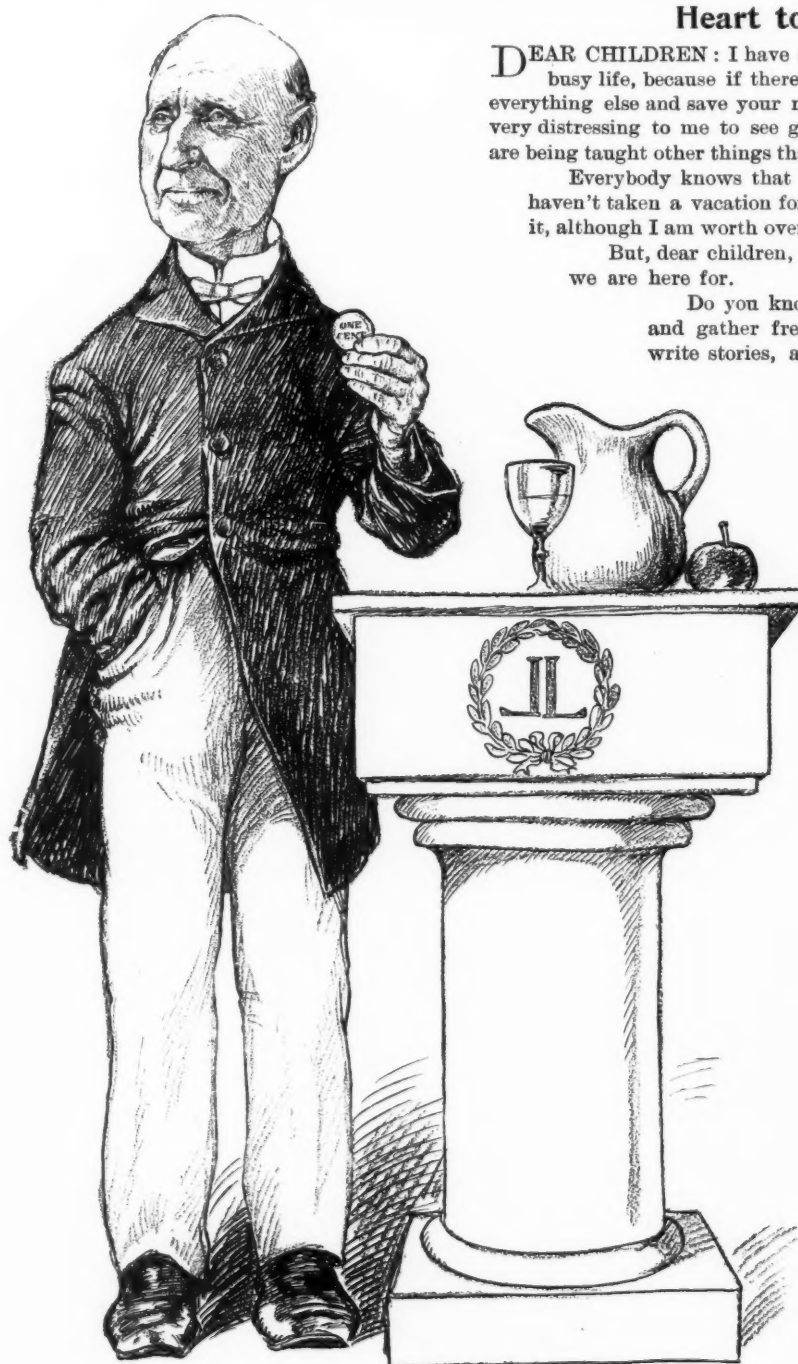
*Tom Masson.*

### He Knew His Bible.

SMALL BOY: Mamma says you are a very rich man.

THE VISITOR: Your mother exaggerates, Willie; I'm not so very rich.

"Ain't you rich enough to go to hell?"

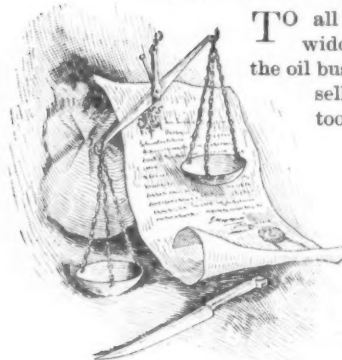


*F. S. Follett*

"A real penny."



## Some Wills—As They Ought to Be.



TO all those people, including the widows and orphans, who were in the oil business and whom I compelled to sell out, I hereby return what I took from them.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

All my property, made by me during the past eight years, which amounts to about half a million, I hereby bequeath to my beloved friend Grover.

W. J. BRYAN.

With due apologies for what has happened in the past, I hereby leave my entire fortune to the United

J. P. MORGAN.

States Government.

If there is anything left when I get through, I hereby bequeath it to Le Roy Dresser to found a shipbuilding trust to my memory.

C. M. SCHWAB.

I bequeath all my money to an institution which shall devote itself entirely to the discovery of some modest and truly helpful way for a rich man to give away his money.

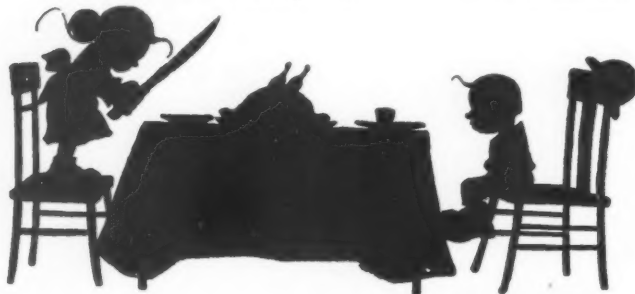
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

I leave everything I possess to the founding of a dress-making establishment for the proper clothing of needy millionairesses.

HETTY GREEN.

All my property, real and personal, I direct to be sold and the proceeds to be divided equally among the 5,000 oldest passengers who have ridden regularly on my surface railroad—as a slight recompense.

H. H. VREELAND.



AN UNWELCOME TASK.

"NOW, BE CAREFUL, GRACIE. MAYBE PAPA WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE YOU CARVE THE TURKEY."

"OH, YES, HE WOULD. HE ALWAYS GETS MAD WHEN HE HAS TO DO IT HIMSELF."



"SAY, CHARON! DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT YOUR BOAT?"

"NO! WHAT IS IT?"

"WHY, EVERY TIME YOU COME BACK IT IS SEVERAL SHADES LIGHTER."

## Doctors.

DR. PARKHURST and Dr. Dowie having fallen out, who shall decide?

It is pretty bad business, but faith looks ever up. Were not even the blessed twelve torn by dissensions?

As between the pot and the kettle, the likelihood is that neither is absolutely black. Moreover, both are vessels of election, predestined to useful ends. Tastes differ in spiritual as in bodily food; some food is better prepared in a pot, and some in a kettle.

The intimation that Dr. Dowie has the orthodox doctors faded when it comes to getting money out of people is cruel and uncalled for. Comparisons are odious.

## Way Up.

"H'E'S a very successful King, isn't he?"

"Remarkably so. I understand that he has had more wines named after him than anyone else on a throne."



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"MY WIFE TELLS ME, SIR, THAT YOU HAVE BEEN MAKING LOVE TO HER."  
"THAT'S JUST LIKE A WOMAN, TO DISCUSS OUR PRIVATE AFFAIRS. IT WILL BE IN THE PAPERS NEXT."



A MURAL DECORATION.  
FOR A LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.



LIE.



RAL DECISION.  
LEGISLATIVE MEMBER.



### Too Much for the Tenderloinese.



THE rendering of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which opened the New Amsterdam Theatre, has turned out a disastrous failure in a money way. It wasn't Shakespearean enough to please the lovers of Shakespeare, and it wasn't quite Tenderloiny enough to please the Tenderloin clientele to which the Theatrical Trust so industriously caters. For this latter element there were provided a most generous supply of garish electric lights, numerous heavy-footed female persons in scant attire, and several scenic effects of the musical comedy order. But in Shakespeare's fairy fantasy there was no place for rag-time or for gags on local Tenderloin celebrities and current contemporary events. It was produced during the period of the Tammany election and the Dowie invasion, and the Tenderloin audiences gazed sadly into one another's faces when they found that Shakespeare had neglected to turn those two important events into material for humorous stage allusion. And Mendelssohn also, whose music had been arranged for this production by Victor Herbert, failed to include in the score a single rag-time melody or topical song. The Tenderloin showed its resentment of this snub by resolutely staying away from the New Amsterdam Theatre.

For some reason the Shakespearean crowd unjustly resented the Tenderloin features which were introduced as being not quite in tone with even the least scholarly of Shakespeare's plays. The profusion on the stage of ungraceful and unbeautiful women, scantily clad with the idea of making them fairy-like, seemed scarcely an equivalent for an intelligent reading and delivery of Shakespeare's lines. Nor did a superabundance of multi-colored electric bulbs make up for the lack of competent acting on the part of many of the principals. Even Mr. N. C. Goodwin, who is usually sufficient to any dramatic requirement put upon him, was so depressed by his surrounding that he sunk the low comedy part of *Nick Bottom* to a lower level than perhaps it had ever found before.

The moral of this production seems to be that the Tenderloin standard of some managers and the Shakespearean standard are not exactly the same. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

MR. EVAN LOUIS SHIPMAN seems to have fitted Frederic Remington's *John Ermine* expertly to the not very flexible personality of Mr. James K. Hackett. Nevertheless, the character is an unreal one, and its combined heroic and romantic qualities are through the entire performance taken by the audience with a grain of salt. Mr. Hackett endows it with the necessary physique and with a certain pathos, but it lives in such an atmosphere of unreality that it does not gain entire sympathy. Beyond this, and outside of a capital bit of dialect work done by Mr. Albert Perry as a Canadian half-breed, the characters are conventional and conventionally done.

The play furnishes an agreeable evening's diversion, but it is

not exactly the great classic dramatic picture of American frontier life we all hope to see some day.



A STAR who insists on every prerogative of his starship is perhaps living up to the dignity of his position, but when he does it too strenuously he is more than apt to mar his value as an artist. It seems to us that as *Raffles*, the amateur cracksman, Mr. Kyrle Bellew does this to a degree surprising and pitiful in an actor of his experience and real merit. Holding the centre of the stage, when it spoils the picture and makes the action awkward, seems an exhibition of petty vanity unworthy of a grown-up male human being. In Mr. Hornung's book and in its dramatized version our sympathies are naturally with *Raffles*, who has set his individual wit against all society and its criminal system. He is made a clean and personally attractive under-dog, and needs none of the artificial aids of the star's privilege to gain our solicitude for his welfare. It is not entirely the under dog idea which appeals to us, for *Crawshaw*, the ordinary brutal burglar, is very much more under in the fight. It's probably for the same reason that we take a more active interest in the college athlete than in the professional. *Raffles* is of our own kind in breeding and antecedents, and he is in the business of burgling more for the sport of the thing than for its emoluments. On this account we can endure the love of him by the innocent *Gwendolyn*, even when she knows that he is a thief—no, not a thief in the ordinary sense, but a gentleman with a perverted idea of property relations. When we know how much *Raffles* has in his favor as a dramatic character, it vexes us that Mr. Bellew should do some things he does. The worst, perhaps, if he is responsible for it, is making his foil, the high-class detective played by Mr. E. M. Holland, so much a dime-novel sleuth that he is almost laughable. The requirements of dramatic contrast do not lead to such lengths, and Mr. Bellew's own work would gain in this particular by a little more regard for art than for the emphasizing of his own personal beauty.

The sympathy for *Raffles* goes through a rather theatrically constructed piece, and it is with regret we find him about to reach the conventional end where he falls a victim to his own wicked career. The sudden very clever shift at the finish sends us from the theatre laughing and with guilty satisfaction that the ends of justice have been defeated.

*Raffles* is a bully burglar, and we confess we like him.

*Metcalfe.*

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music*.—"The Best of Friends." Melodrama based on Boer War.

*Belasco*.—Mrs. Leslie Carter in repertoire.

*Bijou*.—William Collier in "A Fool and His Money." Very amusing farcical comedy.

*Broadway*.—Fritz Scheff in Herbert-Smith comic opera, "Babette."

*Criterion*.—Last week of Charles Hawtrey in "The Man from Blankley's." Light, but put polite, and amusing little play.

*Garden*.—"Three Little Maids." Clean and diverting musical comedy.

*Herald Square*.—"The Girl from Kay's." English musical comedy, with American cast.

*Hudson*.—Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate." Agreeable and amusing comedy.

*Knickerbocker*.—"The Light That Failed."

*Madison Square*.—Jessie Millward in "A Clean Slate."

*Majestic*.—"Babes in Toyland." Musical, funny and well-staged.

*Manhattan*.—James K. Hackett in "John Ermine." See above.

*Murray Hill*.—"Under Cover," with Edward Harrigan. Amusing pictures of New York's under life.

*Princess*.—Kyrle Bellew in "The Amateur Cracksmen." See above.

*Wallack's*.—Last week of "Peggy from Paris." Ordinary musical comedy which will not be sadly missed.

*Weber and Fields's*.—Musical extravaganza and burlesque, which, at reasonable prices and in a comfortable theatre, might be worth seeing.



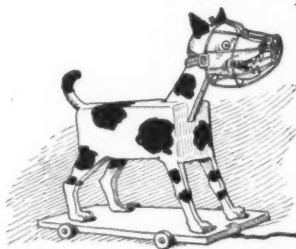
ARS ET INDUSTRIA



BABE AND WALLY.

IN ANY TOWN, ON ANY STREET.

### For Those Who Cannot Help Themselves.



WHY do not some canny billionaires give a few cents now and then to our four-footed brethren? To be sure, the critturs have no votes, but some good advertising might be worked out of it. We reprint the following, in the belief that many readers of LIFE will be interested:

The "Bide a Wee" home for animals has just been established in the suburbs of New York City. The object of the home is to provide a refuge for cats, dogs and horses, free of charge, if their owners cannot pay. In order to place the home on a permanent basis more funds are needed, and all interested in this humane venture are urged to become members of the association. Fees for active members are

fixed at \$5.00 annually, and \$1.00 for associate members. All inquiries sent to Miss Harriet Bingham, 65 Morning-side Avenue, New York, will be promptly answered.—*The Dog Fancier*.

It is a good work; let's help it along. Vivisectors are not expected to contribute.

#### Difficulty.

THERE are practical difficulties in the way of men living to be a hundred years old.

Under the modern system of education, the father inevitably knows less than the son, the son less than the grandson, and the grandson less than the great-grandson.

Thus, the man who lives to see three generations of his progeny is reduced to the condition of absolute ignorance, and can be reduced no farther.

How, then, is a great-great-grandson to be managed?

"THAT fellow has been very successful. Why, he used to be in a cheap cigar store."

"He has indeed risen from the ranks."



THE musical season may be said to have opened on November 4th with the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There is always a cordial welcome in New York for Mr. Gericke and his chosen artists. Why Boston—far away, arctic, conventional, timid, cut-and-dried Boston—should produce an orchestra so immeasurably superior to anything in New York is a conundrum too mortifying to answer.

Mr. Bagby continues his Monday Musicales. These entertainments provide for the really musical element in our community, and for those who enjoy frocks and frills. The standard of excellence in Mr. Bagby's programs has improved each year, and he certainly provides the best talent obtainable.



## Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer.



WHEN Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer  
An airing is to take,  
(Now Stuyvesant is four years old,  
But what a fuss they make!)  
The governess informs the nurse,  
The nurse informs the page,  
The page informs the butler (pray  
Remember Stuyvie's age!)  
The butler tells the footman, and  
The footman tells the groom,  
And the groom he tells the coachman.  
(All this concerns just whom?)  
(All this concerns young Stuyvesant  
Van Rensselaer, of course!)  
The coachman tells the stable-boy  
Who tends to Stuyvie's horse.  
When the coachman, and the carriage,  
And horse are at the door,  
Then Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer  
Goes driving. (He's just four!)  
*Harold Melbourne.*

## A Letter.

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 17, 1903.  
*Dear Sir:* I have been a constant reader  
of LIFE for years, so I hope you will pardon  
this one expression of opinion. On many

subjects I do not agree with your sentiments,  
but were there a thousand such I should be  
more than willing to forget them in consid-  
eration of your opposition to two things. I  
cannot conceive of anything more cruel  
than these practices—that of vivisection, by  
men who wish to be regarded as benefactors  
of the human race, and that of hunting  
animals, by men who wish to be regarded  
as true sportsmen. What thinking person  
would maintain that the results of vivisection  
compensate in the slightest degree for the  
slaughter of beings that our Creator  
has endowed with life to fill real places in  
the all-wise plan of Providence? And  
who could honor for a moment with the title  
of "sportsman" a human being whose chief  
joy of life is to deprive of that same life the  
creatures to which have been given no  
power of retribution, or even of self-de-  
fense? May the day soon come when these  
acts may be punished as crimes by the  
severest penalties, instead of being lauded  
as valuable contributions to science, and as  
"true sportsmanship" by an unthinking  
people. Faithfully yours,

*Harry N. Greenfield.*

A PRUDE is a coquette gone to  
seed.

## Their Parting.

AS the young and beautiful wife  
stood at the door and started to  
bid her husband good-by, she put her  
arms around his neck while a look of  
painful anxiety came over her face.

"Darling," she said tenderly, "re-  
member that it is winter now, and  
there are nothing but open cars to ride  
in. Promise me that you will walk."

"I promise," replied her husband.

"And beware of automobiles. Do  
not cross any street, or you will surely  
be run over."

"All right, dear."

"And remember, darling, not to eat  
oysters. Every oyster contains three  
million horrid germs, and they may  
all be typhoid."

"Very well, dear."

"And oh, darling, have you got on  
your new sanitary underwear, the kind  
recommended by our family physician  
day before yesterday?"

"I have."

"And while I think of it, dearest,  
please don't use the telephone. I heard  
yesterday there isn't an anti-  
septic instrument in town."

"All right, I won't."

"And remember, dear, that  
when you come back home  
to-night, remove all your  
clothes in the vestibule be-  
fore you enter the house. I  
heard to-day that scarlet  
fever, mumps, measles and  
tonsillitis are in the city air.  
Think of our children!"

The brave young husband  
turned and faced his thought-  
ful wife.

"Darling," he said, "do  
you think I had better go  
down town at all to-day, in  
view of the dangers that  
threaten me? It is pay day,  
I know, but is it worth while  
to run such awful risks for  
the few paltry dollars that I  
shall bring home with me?"

But his Spartan wife never  
faltered.

"Yes, dearest," she said.  
"Go! Go and earn our daily  
bread. But, oh, please don't  
bring that money home with  
you until it has been thorough-  
ly sterilized." *Tom Masson.*

## "OU SONT LES NEIGES D'ANTAN?"



AN old man sighed, "Ah! Days most dear,  
Even the Comic Weeklies here  
Aren't what they used to be! Oh, dear!  
Where are the jokes of Yester-Year?"  
But his cynical son said, "Have no fear,  
Things aren't so changed as they appear.  
Here's a Sunday Supplement; spare your tear,  
For HERE are the Jokes of Yester-Year!" *C. R. Bacon.*

*C. R. Bacon.*

**Epitaph of Ye Book Agent.**

**L**EARNED he was not, in  
Greek or Geography.  
All he had studied was  
Ought-to-buy-ography.

**Forced to It.**

**W**HAT can it mean?"  
Von Blumer, on the  
threshold of his friend Tipton's  
office, paused suddenly as he  
heard a strange, incongruous  
sound. It was a cry, but not  
exactly that of an animal in  
distress. It sounded like that  
of a baby.

He entered.

Tipton sat at his desk writing.  
In a high chair, a child, perhaps  
one year old, sat playing with a  
rattle. On the office floor were  
scattered a number of childish  
toys. "Has he gone mad?"  
thought Von Blumer.

Tipton looked up, as a woman,  
with all the appearance of being  
a nurse, dangled a bright rubber  
ball in front of the baby.

"Ah, old man," he said, "Glad  
to see you. What can I do  
for you?"

Von Blumer gasped.

"What's the meaning of this?"  
he muttered.

Tipton smiled.

"It's easily explained," he ob-  
served. "This baby is our first  
offense. We tried living in the  
country, but we couldn't keep a  
nurse. We couldn't afford a house  
in the city, and they won't keep  
babies in flats, so we have him  
here. And now, old fellow, what  
can I do for you?"

**T**o err is human, and  
to lie about it, natu-  
ral.



A MUG FROM HEIDELBERG.



GRANDMOTHER'S CLOTHES.

THE OLD GOWN BRINGS A VISION OF THE SOLDIER LOVER OF HER OWN YOUTH.

# · LIFE ·



A NEW SOCIETY PLAY.

ACT I.

Gurgling streamlet, rising moon;  
Heroine has pedigree,  
Poor as Job's old turkey he.  
She the boon of wealth enjoyed;  
He in dry goods store employed;  
Joys and troubles, hopes and sighs;  
Heaven beaming in four eyes.  
Faith and doubts and vows and kisses!  
Lovers think they know what bliss is.  
Jealous rival; gets a clue;  
Walks in on their rendezvous!

ACT II.

Morning breaking. Sunlight ruddy.  
Scene, the irate father's study.  
Hero, trembling, asks for child.  
Father choked with anger wild!  
Curses, oaths, familiar tunes,  
Mother pleads and daughter swoons.  
Salts and doctors. Girl's revival.  
Exit hero; enter rival.

ACT III.

Time, the ghostly midnight hour.  
Scene, a friendly shady bower.  
Garden; darkness; traveling dress.  
Tears and vows and tenderness.  
Watchdog sleeping; hearts beat gladder.  
Open window. Sturdy ladder.  
Mounted! Fleeting! Splendid horse;  
Father in pursuit, of course;  
Girl disowned; a bitter pill;  
Father writes a brand-new will.

ACT IV.

Fifteen moons have hurried by;  
Father sick, perhaps will die.  
Hopes, of course, to get to heaven.  
Writes to daughter. All forgiven!  
Happy meeting; overjoyed!  
Pa recovers! Will destroyed!  
Rival drafted; killed in war.  
Hero kisses mother-in-law!!!  
Great rejoicing; bliss is certain.  
Striking tableau. Music. Curtain.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

AS IT MAY BE.

"Hello, Laura, is that you?"

"Yes."

"This is George. Say, I can't get anything to eat down town here to-day. The hotels and restaurants are all closed on account of the strike. Have a good dinner ready for me this evening when I get home."

"I can't do it, George. The girl says all the grocery stores and meat markets out here are closed on account of the strike."

"Well, cook up a pudding or something of that kind."

"Can't do that, either. No milk to-day. The milkmen are all on a strike."

"Well, great Scott! Can't you send one of the children in with a luncheon of bread and molasses?"

"No. Johnny says there are no trains or street cars running. All the men have just gone on a strike. But, say, maybe I can—"

"Well, go on. Maybe you can what?"

But there was no response.

Everybody at the telephone office had gone on a strike.—Chicago Tribune.

THE Hon. "Champ" Clark is fond of telling the following story of an old friend of his, who, in his home in Jefferson City, enjoys a local reputation for grim humor.

The old gentleman in question is the possessor of a large fortune, which he has accumulated by much hard work and the closest attention to business. He has a son whom he wished to train up in his father's business. But the boy was set upon leaving home and seeing the world. So he procured a position in Chicago. He soon lost the job, however, and in a short while found himself without means of livelihood.

Then he telegraphed to his father for money—in fact, he sent several urgent messages of this sort over the wire—but to all his appeals he received no answer.

Finally, in desperation, the son of the rich man telegraphed his father in these words:

"You won't see me starve, will you?"

The old man's answer came thus:

"No! Not from this distance!"

Then, says Mr. Clark, the boy decided to go home and work in his father's firm.—New York Tribune.

A MODERN LULLABY.

Hushaby, lullaby, go to sleep now!

There is your patent self-rocking crib, dear!

You've had your milk from a sterilized cow;

From microbes and germs you have nothing to fear.

Hushaby, lullaby,

Shut your blue eyes;

A babe of to-day

Never whimpers or cries!

Hushaby, lullaby, th' food that you had

Came straight from the chemist—prepared just for you.

Fed by machinery, are you not glad

That science has taught all these methods so new?

Hushaby, lullaby,

Baby so sweet

(Crying is out of date,

I must repeat!)

Hushaby, lullaby! If you are good,

Mother will call on you once every day,

So you may recognize her, as you should—

Ah, she is rearing you in the right way!

Hushaby, lullaby,

Dear little man;

I hope you appreciate

This splendid plan!

—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

A NEW BREED.

"I think he's the most intelligent hunting-dog in this country," said the owner of the animal, proudly exhibiting him to his friend.

"When he makes a 'point' he turns his head and looks at me a moment, and asks me as plainly as if he spoke it, 'Shall I go ahead and flush that bird?'"

"I see," said the friend. "He's an interrogation pointer."—Youth's Companion.

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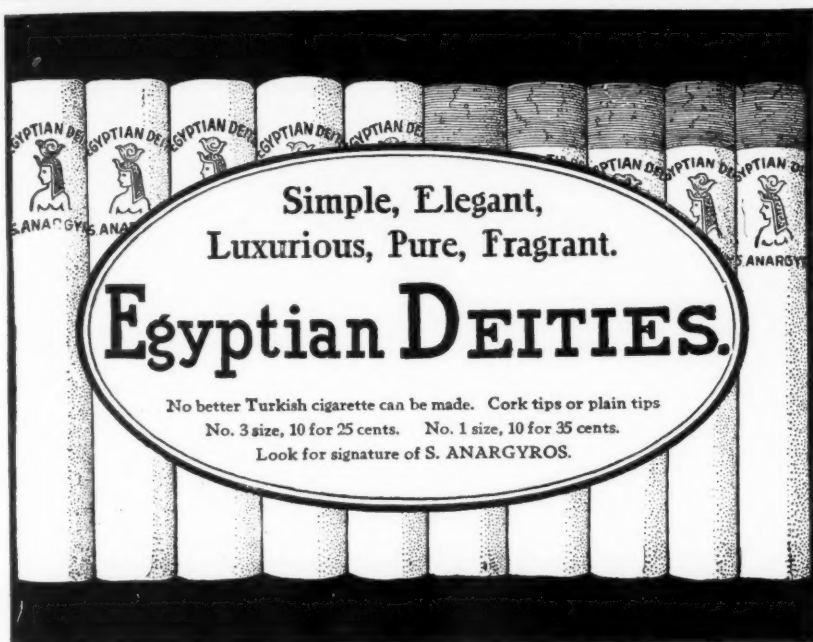
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WALL STREET'S CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the Shipping Trust,  
Whence all but him had fled.  
The water that was in the stock  
Came almost to his head.

—Chicago Tribune.

ACTOR: Hurry, or we'll miss the train.

ACTRESS: I can't find my diamonds or my purse.

"Oh, well, never mind."

"Yes, but the purse had \$10 in it."—New York Weekly.

NO SUBSTITUTE

not even the best raw cream, equals Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream for tea, coffee, chocolate, cereals and general household cooking.

THE gentleman who likes to ask questions was visiting Miss Abbott's kindergarten. Finally he turned his attention to Johnny.

"My boy," he said, "do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny answered promptly.

"Good!" exclaimed the visitor, delighted to learn that in Johnny's case, at least, the work of hand and brain were going forward together. "How would you go about it?"

"Why, jes' pull her tail," said Johnny; "that's all."—Christian Register.

"ONE o' de sad things 'bout dis life," said Uncle Eben, "is dat it's so much easier to depend on de enmity of yoh enemies dan on de friendship of yoh friends."—Washington Star.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

A WELL-KNOWN professor, having boarded a few weeks with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help pay the rent, decided to spend his vacation there again this year. In notifying the farmer of his intentions he wrote: "There are several little matters that I desire changed should my family decide to pass the vacation at your house. We don't like the maid Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." This is what he received in reply: "Mary has went. We hain't hed no hogs sence you went away last September."—Argonaut.

"I SEE the 'sold' tag on Dauber's picture."

"Yes, De Smith bought it."

"Why don't they hang the tag on De Smith?"—Exchange.

DON'T be hoodwinked into drinking another Champagne. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry is the proper wine.

SLUMSLOPOGAS, the aboriginal convert, was sprinkled with water and became John. It being a High Church community, the pastor impressed on his flock the necessity, if they would be saved, of eating fish and not meat on Friday. But, alas for the frailty of flesh, the pastor, passing John's wigwam on a meat-prohibited day, saw a savory beef-steak stewing. Said he: "Oh, John, this is indeed evil."

The backslider made answer: "It's likee this, sir. You sprinkle Slumslopogas with water, he no more Slumslopogas, he John. Me sprinkle cow with water, he no more cow, but fish."—Sporting Times.

DOCTOR JINKS: I suppose you must have lost some of your patients by being away for so long a time?

DOCTOR KENT: Yes, confound it! Ten or a dozen of them got well.—Boston Transcript.

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"Before I married your mother, my son."

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